

FIREMAN'S JOURNAL

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CHARLES M. CHASE, Proprietor.

OUR TASK TO ENLIGHTEN

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Elegy,

ON THE DEATH OF A COUNTRY WASHWOMAN
(NOT) IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD AND (NOT) BY GRAY.

Farewell old friend, to memory ever dear,
Thy toil and labor in this world are o'er.
Let every friend to merit shed a tear;
The faithful Mulligan is now no more!

In humble cot she passed a useful life,
Unmindful of the world and all its ills,
A tender mother, a devoted wife,
Perfection—in her doing up of bills.

Oh! have I seen her, on a summer day,
Proud, o'er her task, unmindful of the heat
With sleeves tucked up, she'd scrub away,
And then on hedges spread her work so neat.

Each closing week, at eve, she took the road,
With caps, chemise, handkerchief and frills,
Stockings and vests, in wicker-baskets stow'd,
Pinned to the bundles were—her little bills.

Full many a votary of fashion's shrine
Owed half his beauty to her starch and iron,
From gowns who sport shirts and cambric fine,
To little boys with collars a la Byron.

One day I chanced to pass her cottage by,
And wondered where its occupant could be,
I saw a heap of clothes neglected lie,
Not at the tub, nor at the hedge was she.

Returning home, I saw upon the ground
An empty basket, with a letter tied,
I broke the seal, and to my anguish found
That morning Biddy Mulligan had died!

Adieu ye spousal vest of white Marseilles,
So white ye give me pleasure to put on,
Ye snowy-bosomed slippers, a long farewell—
Alas! poor Biddy's "occupation's gone."

Not all the symmetry of Hoback's suits,
Nor hats of Morgan exquisitely glossed,
Nor Asken's ties, nor Parker's jetty boots,
Console me for the treasure I have lost.

Oh! Mulligan, thy shirts perfection were,
Now I ne'er put one on but feeling pain,
And closing up my waistline for repair,
Feel I can never show their like again.

Death's ruthless hand hath laid thee out at last,
Thy mangle's done, his is a wangling trade,
Thou'rt bleaching in the chilly northern blast,
Pale as the shirts o'er which thy fingers stray'd.

Nymph of the tomb: attend the fun'ral throng
Plant mangled mangle wurtzel where she's laid
And scatter snow-drops as ye pass along,
Fit emblems of the whiteness of her trade.

THE EPITAPH.

Let no bombastic verse be carved in stone,
No high-blown eulogy, no flattering trope,
Be then the plain inscription—this alone—
"She never yet was badly off for soap!"

MURDER IN CINCINNATI.—Another deed of blood—exhibiting a terrible commentary on the increasing depravity of "fast young men"—occurred in Cincinnati on November 10th. It appears that Charles Cook, son of the senior of the firm of Cook, Adams & Co., lumber dealers; Wm. Selter, son of one of George Selter bakers; and Wm. Swift, son of one of the firm of Pendleton, Swift & Co., dry goods merchants, visited a house of questionable repute, kept by Caroline Watts alias Davis. Here one of them got into a dispute with a girl named Kate Bearau, who was knocked down and terribly beaten, and finally received a stab from a knife in the side. A minute after, says the Gazette, one of the girls of the house beat over Kate, and told her she could not live, and advised her to pray. The disesteemed necessity, in that hour of blood, could realize the necessity of prayer, of asking forgiveness for the manifold transgressions of her erring sister, whose spirit was rapidly passing to its final account! And the victim of "the liberty of the knife" did pray—while the gaping wound in her side gave utterance to a breathing sound with every word that was uttered! She prayed for herself, for her husband and child, (who reside in New Orleans), and sank into the arms of death with the prayer still upon her lips. What a scene for a brother!

The three young men were immediately arrested but as Swift did not actively participate in the murder, he was released in \$5000 bail for a further hearing. The Coroner's jury rendered a verdict against Cook, as the principal in the murder, and Selter as an accessory. The deceased was about 26 years of age, and of great personal attractions. The Gazette adds:

Cook, the alleged murderer, is, perhaps 20 years of age, and is the son of a wealthy citizen. Of late years he has been regarded as a pretty wild boy, and some time since his father gave him \$700 with which to go to California. He went to New York for that purpose, but the vessel upon which he took passage met with some slight accident which he few hours out and returned to port. Cook then concluded to give up his trip to California, and returned to his home in Cincinnati. The parents of the young men are in the deepest distress, and the murder has created no little excitement.

The printers and telegraph operators of New Orleans have taken steps towards erecting a monument over the grave of Franklin, in Philadelphia.

The Emigrant Girl.

I was walking with my father one day on one of the wharves in Boston harbor. We were looking through a small spy-glass at the remnant of an old ship that laid against the shelving bank of an island, when a friend came toward us whom my father had not seen for many years. We walked and talked together, speaking of the unsightly object we had just been gazing at, when our friend, an old sea-captain, gave us the following little history, which I will endeavor to jot down in his own language.

"Yes, sir, I've sailed in that old hulk that lies rotting there, many a long year. She used to run between Bremen and here. A splendid clipper she was, a regular ocean beauty in them days when I was afore the mast. Her name was the 'Jenny Saunders,' and her commander's name was Galliger. Many's the crew of fine, honest men I've seen aboard of her, but her captain was a belligerous old wretch. Everybody that was aboard hated him, for he was a bad man, sir, a bad man. We used to know how he'd behave in foreign ports, and he had a pretty creature for a wife at home, sir. Sometimes she'd go to sea with him, and that would keep him in tolerable good order, but still it wouldn't prevent his cruelty to the men. If they was first-rate seamen, he generally did about fair by them except that he was as cross as thunder, always. But if a greenhorn shipped—gracious! he'd as lief take a baying-pin to him and knock him in the head as eat his dinner. I've seen him do it, too! It was a young fellow that answered him back once, and he just laid his face open from crown to chin. He was a cruel man, sir.

"He took emigrants to the United States, squads of 'em. They generally got served pretty well. Pay the captain his money and he'd give you the worth of it, that's the fact. I mean in grub, of course, and tolerable kind ways. Well, one passage we had an uncommon lot; five hundred, I think, young and old, a pretty decent set, too. Fact is, these German passengers, even if they are in the steerage, have their pockets pretty well lined. Well, there was families of two and five, and sometimes of ten and eleven—a good many handsome-looking young girls among 'em too.

"The particular passage of which I'm going to tell you, was in the year thirty, a great year for the clippers. I was cleaning some part of the ship outside just as this family—the family of the girl I'm going to speak about—came on board. There was first an old man in his old-country dress—his hair was as long as my arm, and as white as the foam of the sea under the sun. He was a fine-looking old gentleman, there was no mistake about that, likewise was his wife as handsome and high-mannered an old dame as you might meet in a hundred years. Then there were the sons, the daughters and the grandchildren. I did think it a pity for them to go in the steerage especially as they hadn't no common ways about them, but seemed as good as the best.

"Well, between two young men, one her brother and the other her lover, I expect, come a young girl not more than seventeen, the handsomest little craft that I ever laid these two eyes on, and I reckon I've seen some fine-looking women in my day, having been into all ports of the known world. I actually trembled when I saw our captain look at her, and he did give her a such a hard look that she turned as red as a rose. I couldn't tell you how handsome she was. Queens and great ladies might envy the red and white of her face, and even the very way she walked and held her head. O, it was a sight to see! Her brother was as good-looking as herself, and a manly young fellow he was, too.

"Well, we set sail, having beautiful weather for the first few days, and I didn't often see the emigrant girl only when she came up a little while on the forward deck for an airing. I always observed that the captain would be somewhere that way, looking over at her in the most admiring manner possible; and I wanted to tell her lover as the young man appeared, that it would be better not to show his little beauty so much if he wanted her kept out of harm's way. Come the second week out, and we had mighty bad weather. Meantime, you see, the captain had got to coming into the steerage and talking with the fine old German and his wife. The fools! I could have told why he singled me out for his attentions, if I had had such a pretty daughter as that. I shouldn't have been blind by no manner of means. It wasn't the captain's place to be in the steerage; I longed to tell him so, more than once, but I might have paid for it with my life.

"It happened that there was but few passengers in the cabin, one of them a consumptive lady who brought her servant with her. And it happened, too, that her servant being new to the sea was very sick, and unable to attend to her mistress from the first day to the last. How it was I never knew, but our captain managed to get this handsome girl into the cabin to wait upon the sick lady. I suppose he offered her father a large sum of money, and I know he gave the girl presents.

"Hans Something, was the name of her father. He did not seem to be like the balance of the family. He had married the old man's daughter, and I don't expect he came of so good stock. At any rate, he must have been mighty fond of money to let that girl go out of his sight and

into the company of such a man as our captain. But then—what did they know of the captain? He looked honest enough. He was handsome, that is, one of the taking kind with the ladies, black hair, eyes, and a tremendous bunch of whiskers on his upper lip. Besides he talked German with the best of them. I noticed after a while that the young fellow who appeared to have been the girl's sweetheart, grew pale and nervous. He used to be out on the deck often, and his face seemed to indicate an uneasy, jealous feeling. I could tell how it was, poor fellow—if he saw half that I did, I don't wonder, not only that he was suspicious of the captain, but I thought that if I was in his place, the captain should answer for it. He got pretty well roused one time, and—but I won't tell that part of the story till I get to it.

"I knew something of languages, enough, at any rate, to make out even the lingo of a German, and one day being down in the steerage busy at something, I heard an expression that made me open my ears. Just then, down came the girl—O, but she did look prettier than ever. She had on a foreign looking silk apron, I think the women call it, and a pair of glistening earrings in her ears, and her hair was all fluffed up, her cheeks aglow. The old woman had been sick, but now she was out of her berth, tidied up, and held her knitting, though she seldom took a stitch, the ship rolled so after the storm. The whole family were there, saving the girl's sweetheart, and he, as soon as he heard her footsteps, had jumped up and gone to a different part of the ship. I see she looked after him in that sort of way girls look sometimes when they know they can do just what they please with a man's heart, and I took notice that she was very much flustered. So, as I said before, I heard the captain's name this time, the young girl spoke. Then they all looked anxious and pleased at the same time, then one asked a question, and another asked a question. All at once, a new light broke over me, and for a moment it shook me like I had felt an ague chill. I didn't know what was my duty, for I was as much afraid of the captain's ugly temper, as any man could be, but as I listened and listened, I couldn't bear it any longer, and going up to the people, I said a few words in their own language. The girl smiled at me in a mocking way, and turning to the rest, seemed eagerly denying my statement.

"I only made the reply—'it is true, quite true.' 'The old lady seemed horror-struck; the woman especially, seemed on the verge of fainting, but the younger one only laughed with her daughter, and seemed unwilling to give any credit to my statement. Finding I could make no impression upon them, I went after the sweetheart, and in the best manner I could, let him know my suspicions. I never saw a man so deadly pale; he was very light, and the terror and the horror made him ghastly. His hands were clenched and the veins stood swelling on his forehead, while his 'mein Gott!' was cried out in a sort of hoarse whisper-like voice, enough to curdle one's blood. I had told them the captain was married. After that, I saw the girl go in the cabin again; the sweetheart saw it too, and he shook like a penum in a gale.

"That very afternoon the captain came towards me, and I knew what to expect. So I braced my nerves up, and determined that, please God, I wouldn't be afraid of him.

"You low, sneaking rascal!" he exclaimed.—And he looked like the old one himself. "What do you mean by meddling with my affairs?"—And then he took all the oaths that I ever heard come out of a whole ship's crew's lips in ten voyages, that he'd have my heart's blood, that he'd send me to the bottom of the ocean, and such like threats. I told him respectfully, as a foreman hand should always speak to his first officer, that I had done by that girl as I would by my own sister.

"For, sir, said I, 'she thinks you are an unmarried man, and you, yourself, sir, I am sure (God forgive me the speech), wouldn't expose so young and innocent a thing to temptation.'"

"He looked at me hard on that, as if he was not certain whether he quite saw through me, and with one heavier threat than the last, and a mouthful more of dirty oaths, he went off.

"But I could see a change in the girl after that, yes, sir, for I was always watching her, having a daughter of my own about her age, gave me the interest, I s'pose. I see that she began to smile more seldom, and her color went. Then her step was quite slow, and she would go by the side of the vessel and take long sad looks at the water as if she was in a brown study. Pretty soon after that her eyes began to be heavy, and once or twice I found her in an out of the way place, crying and sobbing like a baby. Well, I didn't attempt to comfort her—she wouldn't have borne it, for as soon as she seen me, off she flew, like a scared bird. My heart felt very heavy, for I well knew there was trouble somewhere; besides, she lost all her beautiful color, and I saw that the captain seldom spoke to her now.

"One night—ah, sir, I shall never forget that night—the moon was at her full, and the whole ocean was like a great bed of silver with a glitter on it. For the first time in a great many days, I saw the pretty German girl and her sweetheart steal upon deck together. It was my watch—and my duty to bid them below, but I don't know why, it wasn't in my heart to do it. They went forward and sat near the bows. There were barrels there and planks atop, so

one could walk back and forth very easily. I couldn't hear anything they said, but I saw by their gestures that they were talking rapidly. Sometimes he would go very close to her, and she would put out her hand and push him away, then she would weep and sob again. This went on for some time, when at the last she seemed to grow calmer. I saw her throw herself into his arms, I saw him kiss her again and again, then she seemed to wrench herself away, and quicker than I can tell, over she went.

"I don't know how I got there. I remember catching at a dark body that was going over, her poor, distracted sweetheart, and his falling back in my arms dead as a log, after giving a great cry. That cry brought the captain and what was the row, while I was at the boats like one frantic.

"A young woman overboard," was all the reply that was made.

"He knew—the scoundrel! the villain! He knew well enough. His face changed, his very voice was different, as he ordered 'bout ship!' 'Twas no use, there wasn't a thing to be seen—not a bubble! She must have put weights in her pockets.

O, there was a woful time on board that ship. We made as if she had fell over, all of us who could. Her mother went on like one crazy; her father had to be held to keep him from jumping overboard, and her poor grandparents, when they understood it, were worse than all. I hate to see an old man cry—it was hard to see that fine-looking old gentleman tottering round, wringing his hands, and shaking his gray old head, and sobbing while the tears run—may I never see the like again.

"The sweetheart, he had brain fever. The doctor on board gave him up twice, but he lived, poor fellow! They kept him quiet at my request, for I told the doctor in confidence all about it, and he knew enough of the captain to believe every word, but when he had got, as you may say, well, he tried his best to have a fracas with the captain, but he didn't succeed.

"Next voyage there was a green hand shipped. I never suspected till he'd been out three days that it was the German girl's sweetheart. I told him I knew him, but he wouldn't let on. Never saw a fellow keep a secret so well. I was sure there was going to be more trouble, and it came soon. He didn't know the ropes, and I think the captain suspected who he was, though he was disguised, for he was mighty careful not to anger him. But one day his temper gave way, but if it hadn't been as it was, I should have blamed him much, neither; for I don't like bad seamanship any better than the next man—but the German acted as contrary as a mule. The first thing we knew the captain struck the man, and the next thing they were both on deck struggling together. Well, sir, we saw blood. The captain had got at his knife and run the poor young fellow through the heart. He never spoke after that, and none of us could say anything. The captain acted in self-defence, but I wouldn't have had his feelings when he saw what was done. I was so horror-struck that I vowed to Heaven I'd never sail in that ship again, and I never did. Sir, it was a God-cursed ship after that. Misfortune went after it every voyage, and seemed to strike everybody but the captain, too. That always seemed strange to me. He lost men, he lost the owners large sums of money, but he always seemed to come off scot free."

"The above story," said the narrator, "was told to me by a sea captain, as we strolled one day, hardly heeding whither. I had been much interested in his horrible details, and had not noticed that we were near the gates of the celebrated lunatic hospital beyond the city. Having long had a wish to inspect the place, I requested him to enter with me. We had seen several cases of raving insanity, when the keeper said, pointing to a double cell:

"There is the worst subject in this, or any other establishment of the kind. He is a sea captain, quite old, whose madness is so alarming about the hour of twelve at night, that we expect every morning in spite of all our precaution, to find him a corpse. We are obliged to keep him most of the time in this closet, the walls of which are lined that he may not dash his brains out. He has been here now six months, and he imagines that he is pursued by a girl, and held under water by her till his breath leaves his body."

"The captain at my side looked at me, and then asked if we might see the person so unfortunate. One of the doors was unlocked, a second opened, disclosing a hideously haggard face. My companion drew a long breath shuddering, and exclaimed:

"At last, God has smitten him. It is he!"

"I am always in hope of seeing one of those beautiful water lilies in the act of dying; it is so lovely a flower-death—there is no pain in it. When the seed ripens in the lily-cup, and her bloom is over, she does not cast her seeds to the winds, and fade, wither and decay, like earth-flowers; but she slowly turns upon her pale face, and rests it upon the water, while the seeds sink in a golden shower back to the parent stem, far beneath the water. Thus they never leave their parent loch, but flower there forever."

A detective officer, from Chicago, fell asleep while traveling over the Alton railroad, lately and some light fingered gentleman actually stole his boots.

THE DOOMED BRIDEGROOM; OR, THE DEATH WEDDING.

"Ha! ha! ha! I say thou art a doomed man, Guy Morton—a doomed man, don't thou hear me? It is Margaret that speaks. Wild Margaret of the heath, whom thou didst ruin, and leave to starve. But she lives. Ha! ha! don't thou hear me, she lives, and thou art a doomed man."

Wild and high, in shrieking tones, rang these ominous words, penetrating through every corner of the old mansion, where Guy Morton, in a luxuriously-furnished apartment, sat at a table making merry with his assembled guests. One and all started, as this strange voice greeted their ears; but it was upon the master of the house that it seemed to have the greatest effect. He turned as pale as death, uttered a cry of horror, and dropped the brimming goblet he had raised to his lips, which fell to the floor, and was dashed to pieces.

"Who is it?" exclaimed the guests, looking at one another in astonishment, and then fixing their eyes inquiringly upon the face of the host.

Guy Morton laughed a strange, hollow laugh, and trying to assume an air of carelessness, replied:

"Doubtless some crazy woman, who—"

"Thou liest!" interposed a wild voice, and the next moment a haggard woman, dressed in tattered garments, burst into the room, and stood upright in its centre, with her flashing eyes fixed full upon the face of Guy.

"Yes, I tell thee, thou liest!" she continued.—"I am not mad, though people call me so. Ha! ha! ha! who dares to call me mad when I tell thee, Guy, thou art a doomed man."

"Miserable hag, leave the room!" shouted Morton, in a hoarse voice.

"Aye, accursed fiend that thou art," shrieked Margaret, "give me back that which thou hast robbed me, and I will do so. Give me back my honor—make me the innocent village girl again, that I once was—raise my white-haired sire from his grave. He died of a broken heart—ha! ha!—dost thou hear me, a broken heart? And my child—thy child, as well as mine—whom I have laid in the cold heath, because I was too poor to have him buried decently. Ha! ha! dost thou call me mad, now?"

Ere the woman had concluded, Morton had given the bell rope a violent pull, and a throng of servants now entered the room in answer to the summons.

"Seize that woman!" exclaimed the master of the house, pointing towards Margaret. "Seize her, and thrust her out of doors."

The servants proceeded to obey; but as they turned her from the room, she fixed her burning eyes upon the countenance of her seducer, and raising her withered hand toward Heaven, exclaimed, in a voice of startling pathos:

"So sure as there is a God above us, thou art a doomed man!"

The next moment she was gone, and turning to his guests with a smile, which contrasted strangely with his pale cheek and hollow voice, he strove to convince them that the unwelcome intruder was a crazy woman, who knew not what she was saying.

The guests, not wishing to lose the good graces of their wealthy friend, although they did not believe a word of the story he told them, pretended to do so, and united with him in condemning Margaret as a decided nuisance to the neighborhood. So they all returned to the festal board, and in a few minutes were laughing and exchanging merry jokes with one another, as though nothing had happened. But upon the brow of Guy Morton there rested a cloud which neither the wine cup nor the sallies of his companions could banish. And still, as she sat there, long after midnight, making merry over their ringing glasses, the brow of their host continued to grow darker, and his cheek more pale; for high above the howling tempest without, ever and anon that shrieking voice seemed borne to his ears:

"Thou art a doomed man."

"Fool that I am!" he muttered at length, "to be scared by the words of a weak woman. Then pouring out a goblet of wine, he lifted it high in air, exclaiming: 'Drink my friends! Drink to the health of Isabel, my future bride.'"

"Isabel! Isabel!" cried a dozen voices; and the wine sparkled and the glasses jingled as they drank to the health of Isabel, the peerless beauty of Haredale, who was to become the bride of Guy Morton on the morrow. Scarcely was the wine quaffed, when the deep, sonorous tones of a clock were heard striking the hour of two.

"The clock of the green-room!" cries Morton, and shakes like an aspen in his seat.

For years that clock had not been heard to strike, and the voice of superstition had spread the rumor that its deep tones foreboded some calamity to one or more of the inmates of Morton Hall. Guy had heard it but once before, and that was on the night preceding the day when his father was slain in a duel. He (Guy) was now the sole survivor of the family. Although not of a superstitious nature, the sound of that clock, coming, as it did, just after the words uttered by Margaret, filled his heart with a presentiment of coming evil. The guests exchanged ominous glances with each other, and one by one withdrew from the house. Guy sought his couch, but not to sleep. The pale, haggard countenance of the woman he had so

deeply wronged seemed continually flitting before his eyes. At last, however, he sunk into a feverish slumber, from which he awoke, toward morning, with a convulsive start. He arose from his couch, dressed himself, and going to the window, drew aside the damask curtains, and looked out. It was a dark and gloomy morning. The sky was overcast, and the snow was drifting about before the whistling winds.

He turned away with disgust, and seating himself, tried to think of Isabel. But the fair countenance of the peerless beauty, as it flitted before his mind, seemed to give place to that of Margaret. He picked up a book, and tried to peruse its contents, but every word was Margaret. He rang for his servant, and ordered breakfast, but the food was tasteless.

In this manner the hours wore on, until at length he saw it was time for him to repair to the house of Isabel's father, where the bridal service was to be performed. He summoned his valet, and with his assistance arrayed himself fastidiously for the occasion; then dismissing him, he took a long survey of himself in the glass.

"Curses on my luck!" he exclaimed; "how pale I look—this will never do." And seizing the bell rope, he gave it a violent pull. "Wine," he exclaimed, to the servant who appeared in answer to his summons.

The servant withdrew, and soon after came bringing in a bottle with some glasses, which he laid upon the table, and then left the room.

Had Guy taken pains to observe the countenance of the servant, when he entered with the wine, he would have been struck by the strangeness of its expression; but he was too much absorbed in his own thoughts to pay any attention to him.

The servant had no sooner reached the outside of the door, than he knelt down upon the landing, and applied his eye to the key-hole.

He saw Guy go to the table, and pour out a glass full of the sparkling liquor, which he immediately raised to his lips, and drained to the dregs. Then a strange smile shot athwart the dark features of the servant, and rising to his feet he quickly descended the stairs, at the bottom of which stood the figure of Margaret.

"It is done—did he drink?" asked the latter, wildly.

"You are avenged, my sister," replied the servant, in a low, deep voice, "and I must fly. Will you not accompany me?"

"No!" answered Margaret, "I must be at the bridal. I must see it out—ha! ha! ha!"—and she rushed from the house, followed by her brother, just as Morton, who had heard the wild laugh, appeared at the head of the stairs. Seeing no one there, he re-entered the apartment, thinking that the noise must have been a mere delusion of his fancy.

"How long before it will work?" asked Margaret of her brother, as they emerged into the open air.

"In a few hours," replied the latter. "I put a good dose in the bottle."

They now separated, Margaret walking toward the house, and her brother taking a road which led in an opposite direction.

Half an hour from that time, Guy Morton stood among the assembled guests, at the house of Isabel's father, smilingly receiving the congratulations offered him on all sides. Flashing with jewels, yet pale and cold as marble, Isabel moved among the company. She looked very beautiful, with her stately form set off to advantage by her bridal attire, and the thick waves of raven hair falling down her shoulders—very beautiful, with her large lustrous black eyes, and regal brow of snowy whiteness, surrounded by a silver wreath sparkling with jewels; but it was easy to perceive, by the cold, calm expression of her face, that she was to be an unwilling bride. She had never loved Guy Morton, and felt that she never could do so. She had only consented to wed him, because her father had wished it.

Just as the shades of evening were stealing into the room, the minister arrived. The chandeliers were lighted, and Guy and Isabel stood up side by side before him. There was a very strange throbbing of Morton's brain for which he could not account, and presently the room seemed to whirl around before him. The minister proceeded with the service, and had just pronounced the words which made them one, when Guy was seen to put his hand suddenly to his heart, and lean against a marble column which stood near him. At the same moment, Isabel was struck by the sudden icy coldness of the hand which clasped her own. She started, and looked up at Guy. His eyes were fixed upon her with a strange glassy expression, and she knew that she was wedded to the dead!

She uttered a shriek, and the next moment all was confusion and dismay.

"Ha! ha! ha!" shrieked a wild voice, which was heard plainly above the rest, "I told him that he was a doomed man!"

On looking toward the doorway, from whence the voice seemed to proceed, the guests beheld the figure of Margaret, who, with glaring eyes, and an expression of triumph upon her features, stood pointing with her shrivelled hand toward the body of Guy Morton.—N. Y. Mercury.

A rivalry for the hand of a beautiful young lady, at Ann Arbor, Michigan, led to an affray, and Van Riper bit off Warren's nose, likewise one of his ears. Consequently, Warren was not fit to be seen by the young lady, and it is presumed that Van Riper wins.

An Old Sport.

Not to know "Abe" Soles, is to have lived to little purpose.

"Abe" is a happy specimen of the genus "horse trader," of exceeding breadth and proportionate altitude. To "talk horse" with "Abe" is to be happy. This smile is irresistible, while his stories are as humorous as any that I have heard.

When horse trading stagnates on the market, Mr. Soles appends Eq., to his patronymic, and thus disguised, perpetrates temperance lectures. Wherein his discourses evince a paucity of erudition, they make up wonderfully in laughter provoking humor.

"Abe" relates the following story of the manner in which he sold a pair of "travellers" to a shrewd ship owner, who does business near Bowling Green, the date on which the occurrence took place was 1845.

"You see," said "Abe," "I had promised to buy for old L—a pair of spankers, something that could 'foot' in about three minutes, to a horse considered fast at that time for the road. Owing to bad luck and a dull demand, I was compelled to keep a team of bays so long that their expenses came to more than they were worth. These horses were the first stock I had brought to New York that spring, and I could not afford after a still winter, to lose on my first venture.

"While revolving in my mind a scheme to get a profit out of the brute, I thought of my promise to old L, and as the bays had a lively gait of their own, I resolved to show him the time—he wanted double the price—and invest him with the title.

"My headquarters were at Bob G's, on the Bloomingdale road, about four miles out. It was a post road at that time, and was marked by mile stones.

"Quite early one morning, just as the morning commenced dawning, I took an old roadster, a lumber wagon, and a spade. With this conveyance I went down the road a piece to a long level, where I usually exhibited my stock. I there stripped off my coat, and in less than ten minutes, I had one of the milestones in the wagon. So I took it back nearly a quarter of a mile, and planted it again. The job being accomplished, I returned to my hotel, eat a hearty breakfast, went down to old L's and told him that he might, indulge in a ride behind something rather brisk. As the old fellow was very game, he immediately gave the leader a holiday and proceeded with me to pull a rein over them 'fast uns'.

"I gave the boys their ginger. Hitched to a 150 pound wagon, got old L on the cushion, and started off, very gently at first, but gradually increased the pace as the boys warmed up.

"What time can they make?" was L's first question.

"Don't know," says I, "I never held a clock over them. I think, however, that they can crowd 3:30 mightily close but you must be your own judge. I never sell a horse on the time he makes."

"As the old rogue carried a stop watch, I proposed that as soon as we came to the level road to let the 'critters out,' and then put the 'clicker on 'em'.

"Having arrived at the short mile, I gave L, the word, and away flew the boys at a spanking gait, L closely watching his 'time,' while I kept the horses a spluttering; their pace was a kind of a tangle, that resembled a quick movement, but there was more 'fuss' than speed about it. Dashing by the mile post, old L, quickly shut the watch, while I exclaimed, 'I'll bet a hundred that that mile was done in 3:25!' L did not make any response, and handing him the lines, we leisurely drove back to the hotel. There the shrewd merchant examined the horses carefully, and then enquired the price.

"\$1,20

The Fireman's Journal

AND MILITARY GAZETTE.

MARCUS D. BORTUCK, Editor.

SAN FRANCISCO

SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1859.

CHIEF ENGINEER,

F. E. R. WHITNEY.

Until called by the Courts of the State.

We call the particular attention of our readers throughout the State, to the letter of the far-famed correspondent "Dix," in another column. It affords us pleasure to state that he will be a regular contributor to our columns, and his letters will be highly interesting as he is fully posted in regard to the matters of which he writes.

The "organs" of the "pretender" to the Chief Engineer'ship of the San Francisco Fire Department, in endeavoring to make the best of a very bad bargain, and to find a popular turn in their line, write most horribly at the truth which are being presented to their notice day after day. Having rung the changes on "feather-bedding" until that topic became stale, flat and unprofitable, they, in their dying efforts, catch hold of that effete institution, the Board of Delegates, to assist them in supporting the weakness of their cause. Well, we are charitably disposed towards them, and for the sake of peace, harmony and efficiency, will humor them on that point.

Two or three years ago, the Board of Delegates was all powerful. Its mandates, law, its decisions, respected. But it was at a time when the government of the Fire Department was carried out with honor, principle, common honesty, and with justice to all. The Board of Delegates was all powerful when men were allowed to have opinions of their own, and liberty to express them. The Board of Delegates was all powerful when that courtesy due from man to man was demanded and observed: when the fact of a member rising to address the Chair, was not hailed from the inside and the outside, with every description of blackguardism, if his views and sentiments were not of the "popular stripe": when the feelings of every member were treated with respect, let his political opinions be what they might: when measures were passed for the good of the entire organization, and not for any particular portion of it: when the rights of the minority were taken into consideration, discussed, and acted upon, as cheerfully as those of the majority: when the entire Board was composed of men, with whom one might associate in the privacy of the family and social circle, or in the busy scenes of every day life: when men in whom the whole community reposed confidence, presided over its deliberations: when the excitement of the wine cup did not usurp the firmness of calm and sober reflection, in making decisions for its guidance:—when committees, formed to transact the business of the Board, were not made up, all from that portion in the majority: when the established rules of the House of Representatives, by which the Board was governed, were not set at defiance and rendered obsolete: when the laws of the Department were not wilfully violated night after night, by virtue of "might makes right," and by the very men who drafted them: when the seats of men, to a membership of the body, properly accredited, were not stolen from them: when men were not deprived of judicial position, and their rights sacrificed, without the opportunity of being heard: and when the right of appeal was recognized: then it was that the Board of Delegates was all powerful.

What is it now? An eye-seer to the people, a blot and stain upon the city, and a disgrace to the Fire Department, which can never be effaced. It is governed by no principle, cares for no law, and has no moral effect. Its aim is ruin; its result will be destruction. Our opinion in regard to it is not newly formed. Long before the difficulty which now exists in the Department, casts its gloom upon us, we expressed the belief that the longer continuance of the Board of Delegates, as the governing power of the Department, would eventually lead to disaster; and in our issue of June 12th, 1857, when alluding to the trials before the Board of Delegates, of Mr. Van Orden, and No. 5, we held the following language:

"The termination of the two trials before the Board of Delegates, on Wednesday, June 10, more fully convinces us that that body is not the proper one to adjudicate upon matters of difficulty arising in the Fire Department, but that a Board of Fire Commissioners should be appointed, consisting of about five members, similar to that already existing in the Fire Department of the city of New York."

In our issue of July 11, 1857, in speaking of the disgraceful line of conduct pursued toward the late lamented Col. Mahony, at that time President of the Board, we said:

"That the Board of Delegates should be abolished, there is no manner of doubt, for it is a body that it will work no benefit to the organization, but that on the contrary, it will be its death warrant."

In our issue of November 14, 1857, in an article criticizing the Report of the Judiciary Committee, "in that case of a vacancy in the office of Chief Engineer, the Governor of the State would have power to fill it," we said:

"That all it (the Department) requires is a simple code of laws for its guidance, and that the only feasible plan to arrive at a consummation so devoutly to be wished for, is to abolish the law makers of the Department—the Board of Delegates, and place the affairs of the Department in the hands of fire honest, competent, and unprejudiced men, whose action, to our way of thinking, would prove highly beneficial to the Department."

In our issue of Nov. 21st, 1857, in alluding to the election of officers of the Board, and particularly that of Secretary, we said that:

"A motion was then made to proceed to a 3d ballot, when ensued a scene of unparalleled disorder which it was impossible to quell, and the Board furnished a splendid argument for its own abolition."

We might go on and quote from an hundred articles of our views and opinions respecting the Board of Delegates; but so as not to give the growlers in the camp of the "pretender" an opportunity to say that the "contests" influences us, we will only draw attention to those above, feeling well assured they are conclusive to the point sought to be obtained. We doubt if the growlers will feel inclined to gnaw at the bones we have thrown them.

Next week, we shall answer the charge that we are pandering to the feelings and prejudices of the members of the Vigilance Committee for the purpose of making patronage for this paper; and we shall also show that the charge, that the friends of Chief Engineer Whitney, made the Vigilance Committee an issue in Fire Department matters, is false from beginning to end; and that those who made the charge will wish they had not.

Union Hoax.—The regular monthly meeting of the Union Hose Company will be held at the hose house, on Monday evening next, at 7 o'clock. The punctual attendance of every member is requested.

CONFIDENTIAL HOSE.—A meeting of Confidential Hose Company will be held at the hose house on Monday evening next at the usual hour.

Letter from Sacramento.

SACRAMENTO, Dec. 27, 1858.
Editor Fireman's Journal:—There is no event of moment stirring in fire matters. The wet weather seems to have put an effectual damper upon accidental conflagration. It is a singular circumstance that at this season of the year, when in-door fires are largely multiplied by the exigencies of the weather, and are seen glowing in every shop and household, that catastrophes by fire are much less frequent than at the milder season, when stoves are stowed away to rust in back sheds and lofts beyond the danger of spark or carelessness. Who can explain the apparent incongruity of circumstance?

Some of the boys, by way of recreation, indulged in a bit of a "scrimmage," on Christmas night, in the vicinity of the K Street Market, which eventuated in a sort of free fight for all who chose to take a hand and a miscellaneous distribution of black eyes and bloody noses. The belligerents are said to belong mostly to No. 4 and 5, with a slight sprinkling of outside innovators thrown in for seasoning. The *causa belli* could not, I think, be any hostility growing out of company differences, as the two companies are supposed to be upon very friendly terms. It probably grew out of devotion to the day and the inherent necessity of exercise to wear off the rust and keep from "spilling." It is a way the boys have of securing each other's respect.

Poor Riker was buried on Thursday last in the midst of a heavy rain, and the funeral was well attended by numerous representations from the several companies of the Department. The members of No. 1, deserve much respect for the unwearied and humane attentions bestowed upon their unfortunate comrade during his long and tedious illness. He was far away from kindred, but not from friends, and those with whom he had associated and contributed his manly strength looked upon him with compassion and fraternal solicitude when they saw him stricken down by the heavy hand of affliction. What generous hearts and willing hands could do to save or relieve, was freely contributed for his good, and the men of unrefined exterior and rough expression, who occasionally let slip an unmeaning or idle oath, which shocks the pious sensibilities of cloaked hypocrites, but makes "the judicious griever," were found at the midnight watch by the bedside of "poor Bill" smoothing the pillow of waning life with kind and gentle ministrations of mercy. There is many a nobleman's heart beating under the coarse lining of a rough fire-coat.

Mr. Wand is slowly but steadily recovering; Dr. Morse operated upon the wound on Monday, for the purpose of extracting the ball, which he found, but owing to its peculiar location, it was thought the better part of wisdom not to force the matter at the present time. It is intimated that certain interested parties are not only endeavoring to influence Wand's wife, but his cook also, to use him as a medium of vindication or counter criminality, etc. I should advise the gentlemen to hold still and let the lightning of public opinion be gently rubbed in, as any unnecessary struggling and kicking will only open the wound afresh. If he has any vindication or conciliation to offer, it had better be directed to the vicinity of Costa, and if successful there he may as well let the public slide and not trouble himself about conciliating its opinion, which would be a very difficult matter.

BEN ADIEM.
MISPLACED.—We presume a meeting of the firemen en masse was held on last evening, in accordance with announcement in the daily papers, at the room of the Board of Delegates, City Hall, for the purpose of passing resolutions expressive of regret at the death of Cornelius V. Anderson, Esq., Chief Engineer of the New York Fire Department. As a New Yorker born and bred, we are proud of such a man as Anderson—proud of his honorable services and his purity of character; but we are not in California; it is our home, and all our hopes, feelings and ambition are Californian, and therefore we are of the opinion that however gratifying it may be to the friends of Cornelius V. Anderson in New York and elsewhere, to receive a preamble and resolutions of regret at his death from a fire department so far remote as this is; on the other hand, it will be a source of grief and chagrin, to the family and friends of the late lamented President of the San Francisco Fire Department—Col. Florence Mahony, to think that while his death occasioned no regret—no condolence with the family—no expression of remembrance for past services; a stranger, comparatively speaking was paid all honor.

Col. Mahony, for nearly two years, was President of the San Francisco Fire Department, and whether his course in that position met the views of all or not, has nothing to do with the matter; at any rate, when he retired from the place, he did not have an enemy. He left this city on the 5th July, 1858, on the Steamer "Golden Gate," he died on board of her on the 9th, and was buried at sea. When the news of his death was received here, the flags of the engine houses were raised at half-mast, and the Sansone Hook and Ladder Company, of which Col. Mahony was a member, draped in mourning, and resolutions were passed by Howard 3, Sansone Hook and Ladder 3, and the Exempt Fireman's Association, and forwarded to the family. But the Fire Department took no notice of his death, passing it by in silence, the reason being that Col. Mahony was a Californian. Now a stranger to our city, our institutions, and our Department, dies, and the firemen assemble in mass meeting to regret it.—A Californian, one of their chief officers dies, and he dies, not only in the flesh, but in memory. We are opposed to all such mockery, because we believe it to be an empty show, undignified and reflecting no credit on those participating in it.

ARRIVAL.—We had the extreme pleasure of meeting, on yesterday, Mr. Daniel T. Willet, of New York. Mr. W., is an old New York fireman, having joined Phoenix 13, in 1833, serving out his time in her and many years afterwards. Mr. W. is also a member of the "Old Guard," the exempt Fireman's Association of New York. He has come to California on business, and will remain here until February. Mr. Willet has been taken in hand by Chief Engineer Whitney, First Assistant Engineer Van Orden, and other prominent members of the Department, and every courtesy and attention will be extended to him during his stay.

KNICKERBOCKER 5.—Would it not be well, now a sewer is being constructed in Sacramento street, and as the street is to be paved with cobble stones to construct a drain from the house of No. 5 to the sewer and thereby add greatly to the convenience of the members and the safety of the building. We have no doubt that upon proper application to Mr. Hoffmann, the Superintendent of Streets, the improvement suggested will be made.

SUMMONS.—The streets while running to the fire on Monday evening, were in a horrible condition. We are glad to know the Street Commissioner took Kearny street for his road; that thoroughfare will now be put in good order. The Superintendent knows every hole in it.

PROBLY PAID.—Messrs. McLean & Fowler, Insurance Agents, paid \$1,000, on Monday, to Mr. Schreiber for losses sustained by him at the fire on Christmas day. Such promptitude is commendable.

CONFIDENTIAL HOSE.—A meeting of Confidential Hose Company will be held at the hose house on Monday evening next at the usual hour.

Cornelius V. Anderson.

By the Overland Mail which arrived on Sunday the melancholy intelligence of the death of Cornelius V. Anderson, Esq., Chief Engineer of the New York Fire Department was received, and on Monday the flag of the Monumental Engine Co. No. 6, was raised at half mast, and in respect to those of Howard 3 and California 4, in afterwards to his memory.

The name of Mr. Anderson is a familiar one to every fireman throughout the Union, and to New Yorkers generally, and the announcement of his death, was the occasion of grief and lament. Mr. Anderson was born in the year 1810, and at the time of his death was forty-eight years of age;—throughout his life, he held positions of the most honorable nature and at the time of his death he was President of the Lorillard Insurance Company, which company he was mainly instrumental in founding.

Cornelius V. Anderson was appointed Chief Engineer of the New York Fire Department on the 10th May 1857. He was nominated and recommended for the position by what was then termed the resigned firemen, a body of men who became disgusted with the interference of political parties in fire matters. At the time of Anderson's elevation to the Chief Engineer'ship, he was Foreman of Engine Co. No. 1, then lying at the foot of Duane street. Mr. Anderson's career during his Engineer'ship, proved to the satisfaction of all; with the exception of the Common Council, which body endeavored to throw every obstacle in his way, his recommendations were unopposed and his salary cut down to \$500. In June 1859, the last effort was made to depose Mr. Anderson. A resolution was adopted by the Common Council giving the power of nominating the Chief Engineer to the Engineers, Foremen and Assistants, and their nominees to be presented to the City Officers for confirmation. A meeting was called for that purpose and in order for the anti-fire company candidate to succeed, twenty-four new companies were formed on the night preceding the meeting of the officers, thus making forty-eight votes against the fireman's party, and the result was the nomination of Mr. Hoffman. The friends of Chief Anderson were indignant at the insult offered them, and called a meeting at National Hall, Canal street, to protest against the proceedings, and the result was that the nomination of the Anti-Fire party was adopted giving the selection of Chief to the firemen at large, and Cornelius V. Anderson was chosen by a very large majority. At that time the Ordinance called for an election annually, but was altered to make the term of office during the pleasure of the Common Council or until a change was asked by a majority of the firemen—Mr. Anderson was again elected by a large majority over Mr. Riker, and Frederick D. Kohler, the latter gentleman being an Assistant Engineer under Mr. Anderson.

Mr. Anderson continued undisturbed in his office until the fall of 1848, at which time he resigned the Chief Engineer'ship and retired from the department, and afterwards was elected Register of the City and County of New York.

His funeral took place on Thursday Nov. 25th from his late residence No. 57 Bank street. The funeral services took place at the Methodist Church corner 7th Avenue and 14th street, after which the remains were conveyed to Greenwood Cemetery, by the fire department and an immense number of Citizens. There was no music, and not a badge or banner seen in the procession. The following gentlemen were pall bearers: Hon. D. F. Tiemann, Mayor of the City, John A. Cregier, Assistant Engineer Fire Department, James Kelly, Esq., Washington Smith, President of the Board of Fire Governors, Carlisle Norwood, Esq., Zophar Mills, Esq., Exempt Fireman, A. Hoagland, Esq., Supervisor, Peter P. Voorhies, Esq.

The New York Letter from which we take much of the above, truly says, that in the death of Mr. Anderson, the City has been deprived of a faithful public officer, the Fire Department of one of its warmest and most sincere friends, and society of a gallant and worthy gentleman.

GRANTED.—Judge Norton has granted the writ of certiorari applied for by Chief Engineer Whitney, to compel the Board of Delegates to show upon what evidence they order a new election for Chief Engineer. The order was issued on Thursday, and made returnable on Saturday next, the 8th inst.

From the bottom of our heart we thank God, that this matter has been delivered out of the hands of that detestable institution, the Board of Delegates; and will now be adjudicated upon by a tribunal where your Jones' and Biden's, cannot choke off all expression of opinion, and put a gag in the mouths of those who please to differ with them. Before Judge Norton, the previous question will be of no avail. No prepared "ball of fire or programme," will be submitted to. Blackguardism will not be permitted, and Judge Norton, will without doubt show his "contempt," for those who request him to trip to the infernal regions, if his decision should be unfavorable.

In Judge Norton's Court, there will be no "fit" for the buffoons of the Board, to divert their sallies of low wit to tickle the ears of the groundlings. There will be no well understood appeals from the Chair, when the "wink" is given. There will be no "ordering" men to their seats by virtue of a well developed "muscle," but everything will be conducted on true law principles, and Biden and Jones will find their level.

EMPIRE 1.—We visited the Fulton Foundry on Thursday, to see what progress had been made with the apparatus of No. 1. We found Mr. Worth busily engaged in making the necessary changes and improvements. The works of No. 1 will be placed two feet further forward in the box, so that the weight will rest, to a greater extent, on the forward portion of it. The great fault heretofore, has been that almost the entire weight rested on the rear of the engine. No. 1 is to be supplied with springs, which will greatly assist her running. The old iron bed-plate is to be replaced with one composed of brass, lead, copper and zinc, which will not only be tougher, but much lighter. There are other and various additions of a beneficial nature to be made to her, before she leaves the builder's hands. We always looked upon No. 1 as one of the very best pieces of machinery in the Department, and with the changes now being made in her, she will in reality, be a No. 1 engine; and we shall be truly glad when she is completed and in the hands of the company.—The "Empire" are a hard-working portion of the Department, have done good service at all times, and the only drawback has been the absolute requirements now being met in their apparatus.

HONORUM.—Mr. John McPherson, a member of Hose Company 2, and Policeman Vellaman, rescued two children from the fire at 64 Franklin street New York, on Saturday morning Nov. 28th. Acts of this nature are very common in the fire business, yet this should be recorded.

KILLED.—Daniel Stackpole, a member of Hose Co. No. 10, of New York, was killed on Thursday, Nov. 18, at a target excursion, growing out of an altercation, on account of some dispute in the distribution of prizes.

ELECTION.—The election for officers of the National Guard takes place on Monday evening next, at the Armory on Jackson street.

New York Fire Matters.

NEW YORK, Dec. 5th, 1858.
Editor Fireman's Journal:—Semi-occasionally receiving from a friend in your city a copy of the JOURNAL, and perceiving the interest you take in "fire matters," I presume a few items from our "village" will not be unacceptable.

It will not be necessary for a youngster like me to dwell at length, or enter extensively into detail on the nature of our Fire Department, or its organization, as there are in your midst so many old New York firemen who are acquainted much better than myself—at least for a much longer period with such matters, that it would be a work of mere supererogation; nevertheless, current events will be welcome to those from "far over the sea;" and as I pen them, I can see ("in my mind's eye") many an old New Yorker spreading himself for a read, when he observes the caption of this article.

"Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis." This we know, and further, that the saying is not more applicable to any sublimity "arrangement" than it is to fire department affairs. Many a change has come over the spirit of our dreams "old New York style" tubes, in a line taking section from the dock, or from an old time cistern, to get a single stream on a fire! Verily the "times change," and thanks to the indomitable perseverance of those who faithfully work for the benefit of the Department, "we change with them." No more are the engine boxes receptacles for ammunition in the shape of clubs, stones, and half bricks. We have now an army of men whose aim it appears to be, to elevate the character of their companies as well as their own, individually, in the estimation of their fellow citizens—as the Carthagenian General should have said, (whether he did, or not: "each particular man is a brick."

For the vast improvement which has taken place in the conduct of our companies, on and off duty, and the general peace and harmony which at present exists in our Department, thanks are mainly due to the fearless manner in which our Board of Fire Commissioners have discharged their most unpleasant duties, and to the manner in which they have been supported by all those who really desire to perpetuate a voluntary organization. In this connection, it is but simple justice to remark, that Chief Engineer Harry Howard has evinced a determination to second the endeavors of the Board in maintaining that order and decorum in our ranks, which places us at the head of all the Departments in the world. This latter assertion will not be considered a useless "glorification," when it is remembered that we now number over 30,000 men, and that our duty is performed in a city containing almost a million of inhabitants.

It gives me the more pleasure to testify in favor of Chief Howard's action in this respect; inasmuch as I worked as hard in opposing his election, as I would now cheerfully aid in his support, in consequence of the course he has pursued. And if the Chief has disappointed some by "going in" with the Commissioners, he may rest assured that the laurels he gains by this action—whether in or out of his present position, will far outweigh anything he can lose by the secession of a few enemies of "law and order."

A good "badge system" would materially aid an officer in keeping up the credit and respectability of the Department; the present system being a dead failure, as the "badges" are continually lost, and as a natural consequence they are appropriated as a natural, by unworthy persons, who can then represent "Firemen of the city of New York." Several amendments to the "badge law" have been proposed, but the only one I find noticed by our papers here, is the one proposed by myself, through the columns of the Fireman's Advocate some months ago, viz: Let the badges be made of silver, instead of brass, and let every member be charged in the same manner as he is for his certificate—say \$2 for his own. By this means we should not only have a much more seemly appendage, but what men have to pay for, they are not so likely to lose, as what they get for nothing, and is worth nothing at all.

Although the line of communication over the far-famed Atlantic wire, seems *pro tempore*, to be broken, it appears that nothing can destroy the "continuity" of the displays and processions made by our Department, from the date of the monster celebration to the scarcely less imposing reception given lately to the "Hibernia Steam Fire Engine Co." of Philadelphia. The oldest inhabitant in New York firemen have fairly opened themselves in the way of parades, processions, visits, and receptions this year, and so I would have it. Nothing can do us more good than to have us and our act familiarized with our citizens generally, and to be kept before the people. May we ever continue so, going on from good to better;

"And better hence again, and better still In infinite progression."

Let us not forget however, "that in the midst of life we are in death"—that while with all the life and spirit, which are so characteristic of firemen, we enter into the passing joys of our time—great merriment and good, are leaving us, and taking that dark road to "that bourne from whence no traveler returns." Cornelius V. Anderson, Esq., Chief Engineer of the New York Fire Department, and other minor lights have glimmered in the socket, and gone out, leaving a dark spot in the hearts of their friends, (and they were many) which time only can erase. Peace to their manes!

So much has been said and written on the subject of the introduction of "steamers" into the New York Department, that it would seem at the first look that nothing more could be said on that subject; this however, is not the case, and at the risk of making this my *premier* epistle to you just a *little* too long, I shall make a few observations thereon:

Although I have no desire to be classed amongst those who consider everything new an innovation, and everything which was not done by our fathers and grandfathers decidedly wrong, I cannot help coming to the conclusion that there are some parties more interested in the introduction of Steam Fire Engines in this city, than is prompted by their love of the present Fire Department, or that is necessary to the welfare and continuance of the present organization.

I desire that we may possess everything new, that can in any way be of use or ornament to the Department as it is at present organized; and for this reason, I am favorably disposed towards having a couple of "Steamers," located in the lower part of the city, to be used at large fires of long duration. But that "steam squirts" can be made generally as available, can be extinguished to a fire, got the first water on it, and in fact outrun the best of the fire that occur throughout the city, in the same time, as the same duty can be done by hand engines, with more power, I utterly deny. The above remarks have been made by some of the oldest firemen and very best judges of such matters in our Department, and will be endorsed by many more.

It has been advanced that a sixth part of the company of a first-class hand engine would be sufficient to man a "Steamer." If this is the case, why should a "Steamer"—a large "cooking stove on wheels," be given to a company of fifty men? Are all of the fifty to be paid? Who is to have the filling of the tanks in his hands? What amount of salary are they to receive? What amount of this greatly increased expenditure will the Insurance Companies pay? These are some of the questions I would desire to see answered by those who so *disinterestedly* advocate the general application of steam to the uses of the Fire Department of this city. Some other pertinent questions I reserve for a future letter.

Amongst the various "institutions" which are continually springing up in this progressive age, there is one which I desire to mention that fairly merits the appellation, and that bids fair to fill a gap in the management of our social affairs. I allude to the organization of the "Old Guard."—The inauguration of this association was the reception of the "Hibernia" Company, of Philadelphia; and if we are to judge of their career by what they have already done, we must inevitably conclude that they will henceforward, collectively, ornament the Department as highly, as they have individually, in days gone by. When the names of Harry B. Venn, J. L. Miller, Ralph Trembley, David Milliken, and others, appear before your readers as being connected with the "Old Guard," they will be fully satisfied with the correctness of my remarks. I understand the organization of the "Old Guard" has taken a permanent shape, and sincerely trust "that it may have a thousand years."

A notable and most cheering improvement has taken place in the tone and style of writing to be found in the "Fire Papers" of this city. The *Leader*, an old member of the management of John Clancy, Esq., has emerged from the ashes in which it was left a year or two ago by a previous proprietor, and now, like a second Phoenix, rears its head proudly among its weekly competitors, and it is no longer painful to read its "fire matters."

Many of Mr. Clancy's friends in your city, who will recollect him as a member of "Pearl Hose Co. No. 28," will rejoice to hear that he has been elected to fill the honorable position of County Clerk, by a large majority, a position for which he is eminently qualified, and which he will ably fill. The *Mercury* too, has greatly improved, and a recent article or two on "Steam Fire Engines," reflects the opinions of a large number of our experienced firemen.

The approaching election for officers of the New York Fire Department will probably result in the re-election of David Milliken, Esq., for President, (he having consented to serve). Mr. Woodhull will be promoted from the Secretary'ship, to be Vice President. Mr. Wm. H. Hickham, of Hook and Ladder Co. 15, will, I think, be Secretary. Mr. John S. Giles will of course be re-elected Treasurer, provided he can be prevailed upon to continue the duties of that office. No better men than the above, can be obtained for the different positions mentioned, and "I wish we may get them."

There are minor items enough to fill a broad-side of your paper, but I only send you what I consider will be interesting to the mass of your firemen readers. In a future and you doubtless *sope shorter* letter, I shall give you further inklings of news. But on consideration, I know not how to shorten my communication, seeing that a *short fire* would never reach to great a distance; but would like the electricity applied to the damaged "Atlantic cable," be expended on the way, and die, "making no sign."

DIX.
A BEAUTIFUL PRESENT.—We were shown on Thursday evening, by Mr. Tucker the well known jeweler on Montgomery street, a most beautiful fire cap, received by Knickerbocker Engine Co. No. 5 of this city, as a present from Knickerbocker Engine Co. No. 1, of Waterford, New York.—The front is about twelve inches long, of white patent leather. On the top, is the name of "Knickerbocker," in white letters, on a red ground, in the shape of a scroll. Below is a shield of black Jatent leather, with the figure "One" upon it, in white, on either side "1812," being the date of organization of the Waterford Company. Below the shield is a scroll of blue, and in letters of red is the name of "Knickerbocker" and below that, figure "5" in red, and of San Francisco, in white on scroll work of red. It is as we said before a most elegant present, and when we say it is made in Gratacap's best style, every fireman will know what it is. From what we know of No. 5 here, that front from Waterford will be answered and in style, and we will here take occasion to remark, that whatever difference of opinion may exist between the editor of this paper politically, and the members of No. 5, it will not hinder him from saying that the little token of which we have just given an account, could not have been bestowed on a more enthusiastic or active company of firemen than the "Knickerbocker."

F. E. R. WHITNEY, BY THE BOARD OF DELEGATES.
The following *certiorari*, or writ of review, was Thursday issued by order of Judge Norton, of the Twelfth District Court, before whom the matter of the disputed Chief Engineer'ship of the Fire Department is pending:

The People, &c., ex rel. F. E. R. Whitney vs. the Board of Delegates of the Fire Department of the City and County of San Francisco.—The people of the State of California to the Board of Delegates greeting: You are hereby commanded and required to fully certify to the Honorable District Court of the 12th Judicial District, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, on or before the 8th day of January, 1859, at 10 o'clock A. M., a transcript of the record and proceedings of the said Board of Delegates, containing the proceedings, preambles, resolutions, orders and instructions, of the said Board of Delegates, relative to the election of Chief Engineer of the Fire Department of the city and county of San Francisco, held on the said (6th) day of December, A. D. 1858. Witness, &c. &c. Wm. DUKS Clerk.

CALIFORNIA 4.—This engine is now in the hands of the painter. The work done by Mr. Gallagher is well done and reflects great credit on him. No. 4 has been improved in a variety of ways. Among which we note more particularly the addition of springs, which will have the effect of making her roll easier. The brass work being done at Garra's on Market street, is a splendid job. The claps for the brakes are excellent, and are a great improvement. The wheels, box, crane, and tongue have all been repaired; together with the horse carriage. The apparatus will be ready for service early in February.

DR. MARSH.—This gentleman, of the surgical Institute of Marsh & Co., New York, is now in this city, on a business tour. For hernia or rupture, he is said to be the very best physician in the Union. He engages to effect a radical cure of all cases he takes in hand. His Rooms are at No. 236 Washington street, for the purpose of applying his celebrated radical cure to those who may desire it, and any so afflicted with the diseases we speak of should consult him.

UNDERGOING REPAIRS.—The horse carriage of Empire 1, is undergoing repairs at Folsom's shop on California street.

From our Regular Correspondent.

SACRAMENTO, Dec. 30, 1858.
Editor Fireman's Journal:—Nothing has transpired since your last issue worthy of note or interest. The Fire Department have had nothing to do in the shape of a fire or an alarm. Therefore, they have had plenty of time to talk matters over, and tell about what they can do with their machines.

I think we are in a fair way to get a fire-bell at this place. There will be an election on the 6th of January, for the people to say whether it is "bell" or not. If the firemen do not turn out on that day and work for the same, then let them never mention "bell" again. Although I think the people generally say "bell," there are a few money-grabbers who will probably oppose it.

Christmas passed off quietly. The stores as a general thing were closed. The Turners had a ball in the evening, which was well attended, and from appearance of things all were well pleased.

I shall not trouble you with much of the news about town, but remain quietly at home nights, therefore cannot keep you well posted. Anything in the way of the Department, I shall try and keep you posted in.

The Eureka's are preparing for their ball, which takes place to-morrow evening. As that is to be a "fireman's ball," I shall be on hand, and report to you in my next. They are making great preparations, and I have not the least doubt that all that attend will enjoy themselves.

I believe our friend A. R.*** is in town; if so, the boys will have a run before long.

Yours, respectfully,

FAIR PLAY.

Reducing Salaries.
It seems that the Board of Education contemplate reducing the salaries of the female teachers in the Public Schools. We wonder who the individual was that made the proposition. He must have been a "cuss," who has never yet felt the soft influence of sweet woman's sighs. To our mind, a woman cannot gain a livelihood in a more trying and laborious manner, than by teaching school. In any other capacity a woman is a free agent, under a self-imposed restraint. But in a school, under the whims and caprices of a government, which requires tact, ability, patience and to compete with. Every dollar paid the school teacher is fairly earned, and God only knows how bitterly earned by some of them. It is a false economy to reduce their salaries; they now but afford a simple living for those receiving them, and if further reduced, will amount to but a mere pittance. It certainly cannot add much to the coffers of the city, even should they be reduced, not sufficient for anything available.

At the last meeting of the Board of Education, fifteen of the ladies attached to the Public Schools, sent in a respectful and touching protest against the anticipated reduction of the salaries. In that protest, they say, that in their position as teachers, they are worth as much as a man, holding a corresponding grade with them in the schools. We coincide with them, and the distinction which is made is a ridiculous one. Heaven knows we are no "woman's rights" man, but we are emphatically in favor of every woman having her rights let them be what they may. If there should be any reduction at all, it should be from the salaries of the male teachers, as they are much more able to bear the fatigues and difficulties of their calling than the women.

What is done in Boston, New York, or anywhere else has no bearing on matters here. There is too much of that "prattling" after home institutions, and the manner they are conducted. We are in California now and the government of all our public undertakings should be carried out on purely California principles. The salaries of the female teachers of our schools should be according to the liberal and enlightened views of California, and no other city management should be allowed to dictate in the matter.

PACIFIC 8.—The National of Thursday says:—The Fire and Water Committee, to whom was referred the petition of Pacific Engine Co. No. 8, dated Nov. 18th, '58, asking an additional appropriation of \$1500, to complete the purchase of their new engine, reported yesterday that a settlement had been agreed upon between the Committee and the Committee from No. 8, satisfactory to both parties, and upon the following terms:—"The Fire and Water Committee, on behalf of the Board of Supervisors, to transfer to Pacific Co. No. 8 the indebtedness for \$1250, passed by the former Board, also an additional appropriation of \$300, together with the old engine formerly used by the Company, at a valuation of \$1250, making in all \$2500, which amount will reimburse the Company for the original cost, together with freight, insurance and charges—the Company through their Committee to transfer to the city their new engine by bill of sale, executed by the Committee and endorsed by Mr. M. Nickerson, agent of Jeffers & Co., the builders as free from all claims on his part." The bill of sale was presented and engine transferred. The Board of Supervisors agree to all other provisions of the report, and appropriated the extra \$300.

Fires and Alarms.

Dec. 25th 12 P. M.—Alarm from Hall Bell Second District; fire in Schriber's Pulu store, on Jackson street next door to the International Hotel; fire in cellar; Damage about \$1,000, principally by water; portion of the department out.

Dec. 27th 12 P. M.—Alarm first from Tiger 14's bell, then the Hall Bell; Eighth District; frame building on Natoma street, rear 14's house; damage \$100; portion of the department out.—"Feather beds," on hand, but the "mattresses" were few and far between.

SEIKYU.—We acknowledge the receipt of an invitation from the Seikyuu Hook and Ladder Co. No. 1, of Yreka to their ball on (last evening) New Years' Eve. We sincerely regret we were unable to be there, for the people of the great North, where cold and ice reigns supreme, are the warmest and most hospitable of any we have ever met with in the State; and the members of Hook and Ladder 1, know thoroughly how to esteem comrades to a friend or a stranger.

HUTCHING'S MAGAZINE.—We acknowledge the receipt of the January number of Hutching's Magazine. It is a readable issue, and one which can be recommended to the perusal of all. Its winter scenes in the mining regions of California are very interesting. Its contributions for the present month evince considerable improvement over those of previous numbers. As a California production, the magazine is a credit to the State.

LADIES' AMERICAN MAGAZINE.—Messrs. Stratman & McGinn, new agents No

The Fireman's Journal.

AGENTS.

Sacramento
George J. Lytle
Stockton
Merrill
Hawley
Placerville
Sutter
Downsville
Yuba
Marysville
San Francisco
T. F. Grant
New York
J. F. Peck

Unsafe Buildings.

St. Mary's Hospital, Stockton, East side, between Broadway and Vallejo streets.
Jefferson Hotel, Commercial street, opposite Union Theatre.
Nos. 210 and 212 Kearny street, East side, between Broadway and Pacific.
Buildings rear of 208 Stockton street, East side, opposite Virginia Block.
Brick building on Ohio street, West side, between Broadway and Pacific.
California Hotel, corner Dupont and Commercial streets.
Brick building No. 181 Washington street.

Subscriptions.

To the FIRE DEPARTMENT CEMETERY FUND—up to the present date, at the office of H. A. Cobb, Chairman Cemetery Committee:

F. E. R. Whitney, Chief Engineer	\$50.00
M. R. B. Borch, ex-Secretary	20.00
J. E. Nutter, ex-Chief Engineer	20.00
T. J. L. Smithey, Pres. Brannan Ass'n.	25.00
H. A. Cobb, Treasurer Fire Dept.	10.00
E. A. Beckley, member of No. 11	10.00
R. H. Sinton, member of No. 6	10.00
Alta Pacific Office	10.00
Herald Office	10.00
W. Oscar Smith, 1st Asst. Eng. F. D.	10.00
H. P. Javer, 2nd Asst. Eng. F. D.	10.00
John A. Harrison	5.00
C. M. Chase, member of No. 6	10.00
Frederick Kohler, ex-Chief Engineer	10.00
D. H. Hanrahan, Secy. Manhattan 2	10.00
Wm. Hart, member Sansome H. L.	10.00
G. H. Hosseford, foreman Monumental	25.00
Franklin L. Jones, ex-President F. D.	10.00
Sundry members Lafayette H. K. L.	35.00
Benefit at the Minstrels	52.00
Benefit at the Circus	32.50
Benefit at the American Theatre	125.00
Isaiah W. Lee, Co. 1	10.00
St. Francis Hook and Ladder Company	50.00
S. H. Litchienstein	100.00
Donation from Board of Delegates	100.00
G. & F. L. Castle, ex-President	100.00
De La Rue & Schenckel	100.00
New Orleans Warehouse	50.00
Briggs, Rollison & Co.	25.00
Thos. J. Haynes & Co.	25.00
T. H. Selby & Co.	25.00
Jones & Bendiren	20.00
Washburn & Co.	10.00
McRuer & Merrill	10.00
Geo. H. Davis	10.00
Conroy & O'Connor	10.00
R. S. Ellis & Co.	10.00
J. P. Haven & W. B. Johnston	25.00
Faulkner, Bell & Co.	25.00
W. F. Walton & Co.	25.00
Morris Peyton	25.00
And others	95.00
Leonida Haskell	100.00
L. W. Sheldon	100.00
A. B. Grogan	100.00
A. T. Lawton & Co.	100.00
Wm. Horv & Co.	100.00
Butcher's Association	140.00
Total	\$2040.00

To Firemen Throughout California and Oregon.

Having been properly empowered by the manufacturers, we are now ready to negotiate with companies throughout California and Oregon, (about purchasing new apparatus) for the sale of the celebrated Riffon Engines; whose power and capacity is so well known.

Terms made known at this office.

Sacramento Agency.

GEORGE J. LYTLE is the duly authorized agent of the FIREMAN'S JOURNAL, in Sacramento. All orders for the paper left at this office, only, will be attended to promptly.

Notice.—Mr. S. Wineschank, is authorized to procure advertisements and subscriptions for this paper, from this date.

Agency.—Mr. James McGinnis, who is about making an extended tour throughout the State, is authorized to receive subscriptions for this paper. McGinnis is a good worker, and will do well. He has the agency of several other papers.

INSUBORDINATION.—The military of Rhode Island must be in a shocking state of insubordination, if the following are to be taken as instances of the spirit that prevails:

"A valiant colonel" was sentenced by court-martial to give up his sword, which he did; but soon afterwards he was appointed commander-in-chief of the head of his men, with an uncommonly long sword marching in all the consciousness of unquestioned rank. "Where did you get that sword?" indignantly asked the superior officer. "I bought it," was the reply. The other example is a still more flagrant disregard of that militia discipline, without which the militia is of very little use. An officer had been tried by court-martial, for some offense; what it was we do not remember; perhaps for assuming the rank and duties that appertain to a higher grade. He was sentenced to be reprimanded, and to deliver up his sword to thirty days. The reprimand he bore with great equanimity; as for the sword, he informed the court that he had returned the weapon to George Baker's store, where he hired it at the moderate rate of four and sixpence a day, and he did not doubt that the court might obtain it on the same terms, or even at a discount from that price, in consideration of the long time for which it was wanted."

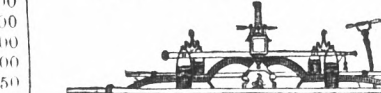
"BE PLEASANT.—Do be pleasant—Oh why can't you? Will you feel any better for snapping, snarling or growling? You know you won't. If your heart was really a dirty dish, and ugly emotions and cross words were the uncleanliness, it would be a good plan to get them all out as fast as possible; but unfortunately there can be no such sudden cleansing of a man's interior. The more objectionable stuff he throws out, the more there grows to replace it—'tis only smothering and choking that suits his case. Speak pleasantly, then, especially to the people in any respect beneath you—whether they be inferior to you in rank, learning, power or age; try to be pleasant towards them, whether you really feel good natured or not. If you get your mouth open to throw out a spike or a dagger, shut it till you, like the juggler, transform the weapon into a flower. Oh, do be kind and pleasant everybody to everybody, and the millennium will come at once."

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Fire Engines.

THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD RESPECTFULLY call attention to the establishment for the manufacture of Fire Engines, Hose, Hook Reels, and Fire Apparatus, which have been running for over twenty years, and being practical men, they have obtained a thorough knowledge of the business, they feel confident of their ability to furnish a better article than can be found elsewhere. They warrant all their work to give general satisfaction to the purchaser on delivery, and if, for any reason, they fail to do so, they will refund the purchase money, or make good the defect, or replace the article with a better one. They also warrant the quality of their work, and the durability of their material, and the power of their machinery. They have a large stock of Fire Engines, Hose, Hook Reels, and Fire Apparatus, and they are prepared to manufacture to order, and to repair and renovate old engines. They are also prepared to furnish a large number of similar performances, and they are prepared to furnish a large number of similar performances, and they are prepared to furnish a large number of similar performances.

FIRE ENGINES AND APPARATUS.



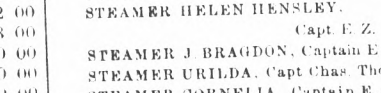
HUNNEMAN & CO.

OFFICE 50 CORNHILL, BOSTON, MASS.

California Steam Navigation Co.

Departure from Jackson Street Wharf.

CARRYING THE UNITED STATES MAILS.



STEAMER NEW WORLD.

STEAMER ANTELOPE.

NOTICE.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS, apply to the office of the company, corner Jackson and Bluff streets, Marysville, Colman and 4th Bluffs.

THE DOUGLASS SALOON.

J. B. DOUGLASS, PROPRIETOR.

THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD RESPECTFULLY call attention to the fact that he has just received a large stock of

NEW AND ELEGANT SALOON.

and that he has fitted up the most comfortable manner.

THE BEST QUALITY OF REFRESHMENTS.

should be offered, and the proprietor is fully prepared to satisfy the wants of the public in that respect.

PAPER AND PRINTER'S WAREHOUSE.

132 Sansome street, San Francisco.

GEO. A. VAN BOKKELN.

IMPORTER OF BLANK BOOKS, STATIONARY, CARDS, PRINTING, WRITING AND WRAPPING PAPERS.

PAPER, PRESS, PRINTERS' MATERIAL, AND INKS OF ALL KINDS.

AGENCY OF R. HOE & CO.

DAN'S OYSTER SALOON.

East side of Montgomery street, Between Clay and Commercial streets, San Francisco.

DANIEL DRISCOLL, PROPRIETOR.

THE UNDERSIGNED PROPRIETOR OF the above well known Saloon, formerly the "BLUE WING," begs leave to return thanks for the very generous patronage he has at all times received, and trusts by unremitting attention to every department of his business, he may continue to merit a share of public patronage.

J. W. BRITTAN, Importer and Dealer in

STOVES, METALS, HARDWARE, ETC.

58 and 60 Sacramento Street, (Near Front)

J. Y. HALLOCK & CO., IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

Foreign and Domestic Hardware, Paints and Window Glass.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FISH'S INFALLIBLE HAIR RESTORATIVE!

Restoring Grey Hair TO THE ORIGINAL COLOR.

IT PREVENTS THE HAIR FROM FALLING OUT. It restores the hair to its original color, and keeps it from falling out.

TO THE PUBLIC.

In offering this article of FISH'S INFALLIBLE HAIR RESTORATIVE to the public, the proprietor begs to call attention to the fact that he has just received a large stock of

and that he has fitted up the most comfortable manner.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

QUINCY HALL, A TRUE LIST OF OUR PRICES.

On Goods and Garments most in demand:

Coats.

Fine Black Frock \$10.00
Good Business 8.00
Heavy Sack and Frock Pilot 5.50
Frazee Pilot Jackets 6.00

Pants.

Fine Black Dressing 5.00
Second quality do 4.00
Best Cassimere 3.50
Second quality Cassimere 2.50
Nice Satinet 1.75

Vests.

Silk Velvet 6.50
Plain, Fingured and Fancy Silk (best) 5.50
Do do do do (2d qual) 5.00
Do do do do (3d qual) 2.00
Black Cloth (best) 2.50
Black Business Vests 2.00

FURNISHING GOODS.

White Shirts, Davis & Jones' celebrated make 2.00
Second quality White Shirts 1.25
Mansel's Shirts (best) 2.00
Do do (2d quality) 1.00
Super Merino Undershirts (all wool) 1.50
Grey Merino Undershirts (best) 1.00
Grey Merino Undershirts (2d quality) 0.75
White Merino Drawers (best) 1.00
Do do (2d quality) 0.75
Excellent Wool Socks, country knit, per pair 0.25

DAVIS & BOWERS, QUINCY HALL.

119 and 121 Washington street

SPORTSMAN'S EMPORIUM, NO. 112 WASHINGTON ST.

Have on hand and are constantly receiving direct from Europe and the West the best quality of

and that he has fitted up the most comfortable manner.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

BRADSHAW & CO.

CORNER OF CALIFORNIA AND SANSON STS., THE LARGEST WHOLESALE & RETAIL GROCERS.

PACIFIC COAST, NOW OFFER THEIR ENTIRE STOCK OF GROCERIES.

REDUCED RATES!! FOR CASH.

Until the First of January, AS WE MAKE CHANGE IN BUSINESS.

TEAS.

On hand 1000 chests of H. A. K. and GREEN TEAS, of the choicest brands, comprising:

BLACK, Oolong, Green, White, and all other grades.

COFFEES. Sandwich Island, Roasted and Green Government Java, Fresh every day.

SUGARS. 100 lbs. San Francisco Cracked, 4 C. Powdered Sugars, 10 C. sugar in half bags, Also, in bags of 25 lbs. each.

FLOUR. Agents for the finest article of CALIFORNIA FLOUR.

Four offered to the California public. Price per bag of fifty pounds, Two Dollars and seventy-five cents.

JELLIES AND JAMS. KEMPS JELLIES and JAMS in three-pound cans, consisting of:

Strawberry, Quince, Green Gage, Gooseberry, Blackberry, Peach.

In jars of six and ten pounds each, expressly for family use.

BEANS, PEAS, &c. Red Kidney, Cal. Split Peas, Lentils.

DRIED FRUIT. Raisins, Layers, in whole, 1/2 and 1/4, and all other grades.

Preserves in Jars. Blackberries, Raspberries, Apples and Pine Apples, Currants, Cherries, Peaches, Lemons, Ginger Root, China.

CRACKERS. Pilot and Navy Brand, Butter Crackers, Water Crackers, in tin of our own manufacture, California Soda Biscuits, Large Soft Crackers.

EXTRACTS, ETC. (Unimproved) Extracts—Barnett's, Levitt's, Preston & Merrill's, comprising:

Vanilla, Cloves, Rose Water, Sassafras, Bay Water, Orange, Nutmeg, Essence Peppermint, Brown's Extract Ginger, Lemon's Extract Ginger.

SEEDS. Beans, Corn, Oats, Rye, Wheat, and all other grades.

SPICES. Whole and ground, in tin, glass, paper and wood.

Mustard, Cayenne, Black Mustard, French Liquid Mustard.

SYRUPS. East Boston Syrup, in 5 and 10 gal kegs, New York Syrup, in 5 and 10 gal kegs, San Francisco Golden Syrup, in 5 gal kegs.

MATCHES. German Matches, common and fancy.

SAGO. Rice Flour, Tapioca, Arrow Root, Sago, and all other grades.

RICE. Extra No. 1, Extra No. 2, and all other grades.

CANDLES. Tallow, Sperm or Wax, in 10 lb boxes, and in 5 lb cartons.

FISH. Mackerel, Kitts, Tongues and Fomds in Kitts.

PICKLES. Cucumbers, Slices, in glass, and in 5 and 10 gal kegs, and in 1/2 gal, 1/4 gal, and 1/8 gal bottles.

EXTRA ASSORTED, in glass, 1/2 Peppers in 3 and 5 gal. kegs.

SALT. Park's Island, Extra No. 1 Salt, in q. boxes and 5 lb bags.

NEW CIDER. A fine article in bottles, which we are selling at 50 cents per gallon, at retail.

VINEGAR. Pure Boston Cider Vinegar, Bottled Cider, California do, White Wine Vinegar.

PIE FRUITS. American Pie Fruits, in tin and glass.

CHOCOLATE AND COCOA. Cocoa Paste, Cocoa Beans, Prepared Cocoa, Cocoa and shells, Pure Shells.

YEAST POWDERS. Preston & Merrill's, Hope Mills, and all other grades.

WINE AND LIQUORS. Champagne, etc. and all other grades.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

PACIFIC AND ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CO.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ACT OF THE LEGISLATURE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, approved March 18th, 1856, and under the Constitution and the general laws of the State of California, "The Pacific and Atlantic Telegraph Company" have completed their organization.

The Company propose to construct and put in operation a line of Electric Telegraph between the cities of San Francisco and Los Angeles, via San Jose, Santa Cruz, Monterey and other intermediate points, intersecting at Los Angeles the Overland Route from Memphis to San Francisco.

They also propose to extend and complete immediately a continuous line of Telegraph from Los Angeles to San Antonio, in Texas, and connecting with the various lines of Telegraph of the Eastern States, and also to construct side lines, which will furnish facilities for communication with the Principal Cities and Ports of Mexico.

The route proposed by this Company is deemed more practicable than any other route across the plains.

The distance is several hundred miles shorter.

The whole line being in a southern latitude, will be entirely free from the injurious effects of frost.

The frequency of Mail Stations and the constant travel at all seasons of the year, will protect the line from interruption, and enable the Company to keep it always in repair.

The friendly disposition of the Southern Indians, as compared with that of the hostilities of the North, is another strong inducement for adopting this route.

The books for subscription to the Stock are now open at the BANKING HOUSE OF DAVIDSON, in SAN FRANCISCO, (CISCO), where the Articles of Association of the Company may be seen, and any information on the subject obtained.

JOHN A. SHARP, JAMES S. GRAMAM, LEONIDAS HARRIS, ROBERT B. BACON, Corporation.

San Francisco, Sept. 15, 1858.

NEW DRY GOODS!

RECEIVED AT S. ROSENTHAL'S, Corner of Kearny and Commercial streets.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF RICH DRESS SILKS, VELVETS AND VELVET MANTILLAS, FRENCH AND ENGLISH MERINOS, PLAIN AND FIGURED DE LAINES, ALL